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**Love in the Abbey**

**Lady Ethel's Rival**

CHAPTER XV.  
A NIGHT AT THE PLAY.

"REG! It's the most extraordinary smell I ever smelled!" It is Kitty who says this, sniffing the atmosphere—the well-known atmosphere of a circus and theatre combined! Who of us does not remember it? Sniffing in the dimness of the best private box in the house, and peering from behind the curtain into the sawdust ring beneath her with eyes eager with anticipating delight.

"Rum, isn't it?" acquiesces Lord Reginald.

"Take one ton of gunpowder," says Kitty, "two tons of damp sawdust, an explosion of gas, and ten cases of bad oranges, and you have it! But still it's delightful! Oh, Reg, do you think they'll be punctual? It's ten minutes to seven, and they haven't turned the gas up yet!" and she casts her eyes round the house and stares at the hunched and bedarded green baronet longingly.

"They are always half an hour behind their time at these provincial theatres," says Master Reg, with the air of a lounge about town. "They'll wait till the house is pretty nearly full; besides, it's policy: you're so sick of waiting that you're glad enough to get any rubbish. Look at that party of local swells just come into that box opposite! All the colors of the rainbow, and a few more invented for 'em! They're worth all the money!"

"I'm almost afraid to peep out!" says Kitty. "I wouldn't be seen for the world now we're here, after all the pains we took to get clear away without being caught! Oh, Reg!" turning up her eyes and clasping her hands, "what would they say at the Hall if they knew we were here, in a stuffy box at the Theatre Royal, Burlington?"

Reg laughs; then he looks up at her nervously. Both of them are unconscious of the sin they are committing against the higher conventionalities as a monkey would be when he steals nuts. They think only of the lesser sin of giving their people the slip, of escaping the tedium of the drawing-room. It has never occurred to Kitty that there is any severe breach of propriety in spending the evening alone with Cousin Reg, and—of all places in the world!—at the Theatre Royal, Burlington. At Burlington, where their faces are as well known as is the great clock in the Town Hall.

Such a sense of the grave step she has taken has never for a moment ob-

truded itself on her girlish, utterly un-questioning mind. She is here, that is the great thing! When the play is over, the next and only great question for her will be to get back into the Hall, with Reg, undetected and unsuspected. So she throws the shawl, which she has donned more for disguise than warmth, over the back of the stuffy chair, and hides behind the curtain, criticising the audience, the house, the members of the orchestra—ten in number—chattering under her breath like a young magpie, and supremely happy. As to compromising herself, Kitty doesn't understand that word, and if she did, why—

Up goes the gas, and the orchestra, that has been setting everybody's teeth on edge with the tuning, commences in fearful time and still more awful tune the overture to "Zampa." The manner in which they murder that innocent, long-suffering piece of music would inevitably have slain the composer had he been unfortunate enough to have been on the spot, but they wound up at last with a grand discordant finale, and then—to Kitty's inexpressible delight—the damned curtain, slowly and spasmodically, shrivels upward. There is, of course, a farce first—a farce in which a short, thickest young man, in a glaring crimson wig, shrieks, groans, shouts, and pitches chairs about in the orthodox style; in which two ladies, one fat, fat, and forty, and the other forty, fat, and fair, at times tirmen and console the young man in the red wig. It is called a screaming farce on the bills, and does its utmost to merit the adjective. It is all slender from beginning to end, and the drop scene descends upon audience and actors red and thirsty from excess of laughter, bewilderment, and confusion.

Kitty draws her breath. "It's almost as good as 'Punch and Judy,' Reg! Only you couldn't hear the whop, whop of Punch's stick on Judy's head, which one enjoys so much."

What next? Then follows "The Bandit of the Mountain," a stirring melodrama! Before which, of course, the orchestra play a would-be lively overture by way of variety, subsiding, however, to a series of threatening growls and dismal squeaks as a warning of what is to come. Then the first scene appears—a mountain glen with all the splendor of a rising (or setting) sun, grove of green trees and gamboge mountains. With a clatter of hoofs, and much shouting, the bandits appear, and, much to Kitty's joy, they are—with a courageous disregard of the secrecy which usually attends the movements of bandits in general—they are, one and all, superbly mounted. They are all in costumes glitteringly, not to say dazzlingly conspicuous, and

In some strange way they appear to court rather than fear observation. There is much palaver; "Our chief" is heard a great many times on all sides, and presently, with a clatter sufficient to arouse all the polices in the mountainous district, "the chief" appears. Amusement and delight when the chief is found to be a woman—a woman in a scarlet habit—a nice, quiet costume in which to evade the police—and a hat overhanging by an enormous green feather. This dauntless young lady has much to say, and would, doubtless, have more but for the sudden appearance of the military, who have been sent to capture her, and who certainly cannot have remained in ignorance of her whereabouts unless they were deaf and blind.

There is, of course, a grand scrimmage, in which the horses join with exceeding heartiness; dust arising and mingling with the smoke of the exploded firearms, in sufficient quantities to render the descent of the drop scene almost unnecessary. There are three acts of this description—three short acts, in which the heroine, who never is parted for a moment from her scarlet habit and green feather, goes through a series of adventures as innumerable as they are gigantic. But at last, she marries the duke—of course there is a duke—all the bandits are pardoned, and amidst more dust and smoking pistols, which explode on every occasion, whether it be one of peace or conflict, the last act comes to an end.

"Glorious, isn't it!" gasps Kitty, red with a commingling of laughter and excitement. "It's the most fearful thing I ever imagined! Reg, I don't wonder they eat so many oranges," looking up at the crowded gallery and down at the circle round the ring. "I never could understand until to-night why people always sucked oranges when they grew excited. It is the only thing that keeps some of them from going out of their minds. Now for the 'scenes in the arena,' and 'Dick Turpin's Ride to York!' can we wait for that, Reg? Oh, I hope we can! I wouldn't miss it for all the world!"

Lord Reginald looks at his watch with a sigh.

"Glad you're enjoying yourself, Kitty," he says, looking up at her beautiful face, bright and sparkling with vivacity and enjoyment. "I think we might stop a little while longer, but I must go and get something to drink."

"Take care," says Kitty, calling to him in a warning whisper. "Mind no one sees you!"

"All right," he nods. "It doesn't matter about me, you know; you are the one to keep dark."

Kitty can't quite see the distinction, but is too happy to think, and drops into Reginald's chair to get a better view of the house.

As she does so, two gentlemen enter a box almost exactly opposite. The boxkeeper hurries officiously to the curtains, and is about to throw them open; the gentlemen are in evening dress, although they are muffled up to the neck in thin overcoats, and the boxkeeper is anxious to show them to the audience; but the thinnest and fairest of the two stops the officious hand by a touch of command. "No, do not open the curtains."

And he deounces him with a half crown. Then he turns to his companion, honest James—stout as ever, but pale, not red now—pale and dreadfully anxious.

"We shall soon see, Mr. Ainsley, if my conjecture is the right one," says Sydney Calthrop gravely, but with a reassuring smile. "I—I hope you are wrong," says James, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "How dreadfully hot it is here! I hope you are wrong; indeed, I think you must be. Kitty—Miss Trevelyan, I mean—is rather thoughtless, and does things sometimes that—that other people wouldn't do; but I don't think she would come here alone."

"Not alone," remarks Sydney Calthrop; "no, no; not alone! With Lord Reginald, of course."

"Yes, yes; of course," assents James, staring at the closed curtains with winking, nervous eyes. "I know she wouldn't come alone—good Heaven!—but not with Lord Reginald even."



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of course, I'm glad we came. I'd go anywhere to—to help her. But still I don't think you are right; I won't believe she is here"—emphatically—"until I see her with my own eyes."

Sydney Calthrop laughs queerly. "Well, now I come to think of it, neither do I. It was absurd to suspect such a thing, but—well, I did suspect it, and that must be my excuse for mentioning it to you. However, we can soon set the question at rest by looking round the house. Will you—"

James goes to the curtains and opens them half a foot, and looks cautiously round the house; then he turns to his companion with a smile and a sigh—a gasp of relief.

"I knew it," he says, wiping his brow; "of course, I was sure that she wouldn't do such—such a foolish thing. She is not here."

Sydney Calthrop looks rather surprised, then smiles and laughs with an assumption of relief to match his companion's.

"Of course not!" he says, "that is all right. Now shall we go back—you don't care to stay, of course?"

James glances at his black gloves. "My uncle—"

"Yes, yes, just so! I merely put the question out of politeness. Just one look at the ring and then—"

He goes to the curtain and peeps through, to draw back with a sudden gravity. "Who is in that box opposite?" he says; "the one with the curtains almost closed? Did you notice that?"

"Yes, yes," says James. "of course I did. But I know she is not in it; if Kitty—if Miss Trevelyan came here, she wouldn't hide behind a curtain." "She wouldn't be ashamed of what she had been indiscreet enough to do. She is not there, Mr. Calthrop."

Sydney Calthrop nods acquiescence. "You know her better than I do," he says; "come let us go, then. I must say," with an air of relief, "I am heartily glad that I am mistaken. If Miss Trevelyan had been thoughtless enough to accompany Lord Reginald—"

"But you don't know that he is here!" says James almost testily. (To be Continued.)

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**THE LABRADOR BOUNDARY.**

MONTREAL, Dec. 5. A despatch to the Gazette from Ottawa says the task of determining the boundary line between Ungava, now a portion of the Province of Quebec, and that part of the Labrador coast belonging to Newfoundland, may be referred to the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council early next year. Since Ungava was added to Quebec in 1912 the Government of that Province has been anxious that the line between its territory and that of the Ancient Colony should be determined. For some years past there have been at intervals negotiations between the Dominion Government and the Quebec Government on the one hand, and the Newfoundland Government on the other looking to a reference of the case to the Privy Council. Quebec, however, is now pressing for settlement of the dispute, and it is said if a reply is not received within a reasonable time from Newfoundland, will join with the Dominion of Canada in submitting the whole question to the Privy Council.

**TERRORIST REVOLUTION.**

PARIS, Dec. 5. A terrorist revolution under the leadership of Dr. Liebknecht, the Radical Socialist, will break out in Berlin Friday evening, according to advices received by the Zurich correspondent of the Journal. Liebknecht, the report says, has 15,000 men well armed. The population of Berlin, according to reports, is at the mercy of gangs of assassins and there appears to be no authority.

**RIOTING IN COLOGNE.**

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 5. Machine guns were used in suppressing food riots in Cologne on Friday, according to reports received here. Several stores in different parts of the city were plundered and there were a number of casualties in the ranks of the demonstrations, several being killed. Other casualties occurred in conflicts between mobs and the police throughout the night.

**NAVY'S GREAT WORK.**

LONDON, Dec. 5. The work of the British navy during the war was lauded by Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty, in an address opening the "sea-power" exhibition of pictures and relics in London. The sea-power of the British navy from the very outbreak of the war, he declared, held all the fleets of the world in a silent grip, crushed the sea out of the enemy countries and secured the freedom of the world. By his efforts from 1914 to 1917, Sir Eric added, the tenth cruiser squadron kept under guard a stretch of sea 10,000 miles long, from the Orkneys to Iceland, and had intercepted 15,000 tons of supplies to enemy countries. Although this work had been accomplished for the most part in the dead of night or in bad weather, light tempests and blizzards, less than one per cent. of vessels succeeded in using the lines of the blockade of the British navy. British sea-power, Sir Eric concluded, has been the pivot which the fate not only of the war of the world had turned.

**NEGOTIATIONS RE WILHELM.**

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 5. A despatch from the Berlin Soling and Workmen's Council has arrived at the Hague, a Berlin despatch reports. The message indicates that the German Government is anxious to do with negotiations concerning Emperor Wilhelm in progress. The German delegation in the Hague, of which it is not stated.

**DUKE OF GRAFTON DEAD.**

LONDON, Dec. 5. The Duke of Grafton, head of the British family and a retired General in the British army, is dead. He was 82 years of age.

**SPAIN'S CABINET.**

MADRID, Dec. 5. A Spanish Romanesque, who has been named in the task of forming a new cabinet, leaving the palace at midnight, said that the new ministry would take the oath of office at noon today. The Cabinet has been chosen from among the supporters of

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